The Baltimore Weekly Magazine.

For ev'ry palate is our Banquet fit;
Replete with Morals, Hiſt'ry, News & Wit.

SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1800.

For the BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE great praiſe accorded to the works of the Baron *Von Kotzebue*, led me to a more careful peruſal of his productions than I ſhould otherwiſe have been inclined to: his dramatic writings in particular have obtained a celebrity hitherto unequalled except in the inſtance of the immortal Shakeſpeare; but as many of the Baron's writings of the nature mentioned have already come before the ordeal of the public eye, I ſhall not attempt any remarks on them. My preſent intention is to epitomize in common phraſe, his lately publiſhed novel of "*Ildegerte*," the ſtory of which is well told in language ſimilar to that of Oſſian, though at the ſame time I muſt affirm, that in ſtrength of thought and force of ſtile, he falls far ſhort of the great original—as I proceed I ſhall pluck a flower here and there, to ſhew the powers of our author and the beauties of his language. The ſtory runs thus:—*Thora*, a good and juſt queen, reigned in peace and ſecurity over Norway, beloved and reſpected by all her ſubjects, of whoſe rights and intereſts ſhe was particularly careful; her ſon, a child, as our author deſcribes, for

"As yet the cradle was his throne, the roſe-bud his ſceptre"—

ſhe reared

"With female gentleneſs and manly firmneſs,"—

and taught him to tread in the paths of virtue and the high-road of juſtice: In laconic, but emphatic language, our text deſcribes his riſing youth—

"He grew. Upon his countenance bloomed the hope of the approaching morn, and grey headed warriors, when they ſaw him, ſtroked their beards and ſmiled."

Ildegerte, the heroine of the tale, dwelt then at the court of Thora, and next to her ſon was beloved and cheriſhed by her; partook in all the ſports and pleaſing exerciſes that thoſe climes afforded; for

"No coſtly ornaments and ſilken garments, no ſtudied ſmiles and borrowed roles, at that time occupied the hours of northern women."

She who wiſhed to render herſelf pleaſing to the men, muſt

"Accuſtom herſelf te the warlike toils of man."

Thora, according to the cuſtom of her country, would often amuſe herſelf in chaſing the "wolf and bear," in company with a "troop of Amazons," through thick and almoſt impenetrable foreſts; Ildegerte was always foremoſt in theſe warlike exploits; always excelling, never excelled—and in one of theſe expeditions our author has taken the opportunity of moſt beautifully deſcribing her; the reader will almoſt imagine he ſees in reality what is here depicted in ſuch fervid terms, and although the paſſage is rather lengthy, yet as it tends ſo forcibly to divelope the irreſiſtible charms and warlike ſpirit of the heroine, I ſhall copy it here, eſpecially as it will be no diſparagement to the ſtory—ſpeaking of the chace—

"Oft did the queen ſit on ſome loſty bank, and feaſt upon theſe ſports; yet ever did her eye beam moſt friendly on her deareſt companion Ildegerte; for none liker her could vault upon the back of the impetuous ſteed; none ſent the arrow ſo certain to its mark; none broke a lance with ſo much grace; and when ſhe raiſed her viſor to regain her breath; when her full blue eye glanced round more dangerous than her ſword; when ſhe moved, and the plume upon her helmet ſlowly nodded; when ſhe ſpoke and her voice ſurpaſſed the ſweetneſs of the flute—Oh! then aroſe in the heart of the young Prince an indeſcribable ſenſation, which his wary mother ſaw, now in his glowing eye, now in his glowing cheek. She ſaw it with a ſmile of content; for though no royal blood flowed in

the veins of Ildegerte, yet was she the last surviving branch of a noble family, and would if the daughter of a boor have been worthy of the first throne on earth. Who was able to enchant each heart like Ildegerte? Who seemed so little to intend it? Her companions saw her, and were envious; they spoke to her, and envy vanished."

[*To be continued.*] to page 16

HISTORY OF JACK SMITH.

[Continued from page 4.]

"Your stile, sir," said the punster, who was determined not to miss the opportunity, "will nevertheless be lofty! you'll soar above all common things with sentiments far superior to the trash of this earth; your manner will of course be airy, light and pleasant; and tho' you may be sometimes in the clouds, you will undoubtedly excel in the sublime; 'the cloud capt towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples,' will all be familiar to you."

"My dear gentlemen," cried a middle aged lady, whose affected gravity faintly hid an arch smile, "how you scare the poor man. Don't be so easily alarmed, Mr. What's your-name; let your heroes be brave, let your damsels be sentimental; let us have two or three desperate villains, a wicked old woman, a cunning valet, faithful maid and pretty little dog; and whether you are a member of parliament or a democrat, a parson or a free-thinker, you may work out as pretty a novel as any young lady would wish to read. And pray, my good sir, for whom do you write? Not for the grave old Dons, they won't read your books if ever so true; but you write to be sure, for the young gentlemen and ladies who frequent the circulating libraries, and have nothing else to do; and trust me they'll find no great relish for your plain home-spun truths."

"Damme, Ma'am," cried a hopeful young gentleman to whom my lord was guardian, and who heard every word the last lady had said in a serious light, "damme, Ma'am, its just the thing; I like your bold, dashing, incomprehensible heroes; and have read about many a one of them with pleasure in those books of my lord's in the powdering room."

"What, the Arabian Nights Entertainments? I tho't sir, you never read at all."

"Rot it, Ma'am; this cursed cropping has been a devilish bad thing to me. I used to read every morning before for a full hour, while my valet was combing my hair; but now, somehow or other, I have not the opportunity."

The latter part of this speech was spoken in so serious and rueful a tone, that the company laughed outright.—"Indeed, sir," said the punster, "this cropping will spoil the head of many a fine young gentleman."

The author, who was afraid the conversation would be turned from his favorite topic, and who was eagerly taking notes in short hand of every one's opinion, asked a smart little lady, who played nicely on the piano-forte, had a pretty taste for drawing, and was well read in the writings of the romance and novel kind, what was her opinion? She had listened with the utmost attention to the whole discourse. Not regarding the querist, but turning to the noble host, she said, "My dear lord, I must say I agree with Mrs. Sarcasm and Mr. Puppy: I really see no use in drawing those scenes which every body knows: let the writer, if he *will* copy nature, copy her in the majestic scenes of the Alps and Pyrenees; let him enliven his work with a few elegant songs; let him paint in lively colors the pastoral life, the life of happiness! there let his heroine wander amid the bleating of the harmless lambs, and the tinkling of the distant sheep-bells, while the shepherd plays on his flute, and the innocent shepherdess sings by his side; and around let the nightingale, the lark, and the airy songsters of the grove tune their melody: then let the hero at last find his faithful mistress in the midst of all this happiness; and let them renew the golden age, at their elegant mansion in the country."

At this speech, which was spoken in a light and mincing way, the greater part of the company bit their lips; but sir William Wanton, who had been separated from his wife a few years before, and which the ill-natured world most cruelly said was his own fault, drew their attention. "If you wish for readers, sir, write the language of nature, and give her her true garb and coloring; describe the more animating scenes of life, and rouse our feeling. Do not let a false modesty hide the charms of your heroine in obscurity. Remember beauty consists not alone in the face, the snowy bosom, the rising breasts, the—the—the *tout ensemble* should fire the hero and the reader: let your scenes be soft, be tender, be amorous, be natural; the more critical the danger, the greater is the virtue of your heroine; the more temptations that assail your hero, the more glorious his victory. Even the chaste dictates of a Cumberland have his amorous Jemimas, his Susans and his Fannys, in no concise terms or frigid language. Throw away then the flimsy veil of affected delicacy; bring sportive Venus and the waggish god of love shaking his bright torch.—"

"Sir William means," said a plain country gentleman, who had a charming young daughter at the table, and

who feared to what lengths the baronet's deſcription might extend, " that you ſhould give him a little bawdy to raiſe his paſſions ;—but let me tell you, ſir, that the man who wants to ſee more than a pretty face, might as wellbe without them entirely : and the woman who conſtantly ſhews thoſe charms modeſty thinks proper to conceal, is as much a ſtrumpet in her mind as any miſtreſs ſir William ever had in his life."

A gentleman of the Univerſity of Cambridge, by whoſe mathematical ſkill that ſcientific ſeminary has been oft-times enlightened, philoſophically remarked—that properties different from each other could not be the ſame properties. " Such," continued he, ' are nature and novel: nature is a continuation of a known quality inherent in a thing ; novel *a priori longe remota*, is unknown and new, as the name itſelf exemplifies ; therefore every novel muſt be unnatural."

This correct and concluſive argument had nearly ſtopped all further inveſtigation of the ſubject, but for the ready help of the punſter. " By the ſame rule, I preſume, my learned ſir, *new bread* then has an *unknown* quality, and is equally *unnatural*." Then turning to Mr. Penready, " But however *natural*, ſir, you may chuſe to be yourſelf, take care you don't treat your readers as *naturals*."

" One thing only, Mr. Penready," ſaid a widow lady, who knew the world, " that your females do not make love firſt ; for even if you write with the pen of a Cumberland, you will diſguſt your male, and highly offend your female readers."

" As for pecuniary concerns," ſaid a dry old gentleman who well knew the value of money, " give them not a thought, 'tis beneath the notice of a *noveliſt* hiſtorian: the laſt page is ſufficient for ſuch trifles, and by killing an old uncle, or at leaſt a twentieth couſin, you may make your lovers as rich as you pleaſe. But be ſure let your heroes and heroines be generous : If the *fair diſtreſſed* had but two pieces in her pocket, ſhe muſt give one to the firſt impudent beggar that aſks her, and your hero muſt undoubtedly give both. Money, it is true, may be very well with matrimony, but it has nothing to do with love ; Venus flies from the cold touch of Plutus. Honours and titles you may do as you will with them ; theſe are the gems which a ſkilful writer will employ to the very beſt advantage. Marriage, the *coup de grace*, is only to be conſidered as to your hero and heroine, but for the reſt of the character never give it a thought ; in your finiſhing chapter or letter, you may couple them together juſt as you pleaſe—or let your bookſeller do it for you."

The pretty little daughter of the country gentleman was preſſed to give her opinion. After a little demur (the young lady was lately entered into her teens, and the native veil of modeſty had not yet given place to one of art), ſhe ſaid, " Pray, ſir, don't let your hero be too old, and do let him be good natured, not finding fault with every thing his miſtreſs does ; I am ſure I ſhould not like ſuch a man, teaſing my ſoul out about nothing, and ——." She was going on without thought, but quickly recollecting herſelf, with a bluſh concluded, " If you mean to make them happy, let them be married early."

The company unanimouſly joined in applauding her opinion ; and his Lordſhip was about to turn the converſation, when the poor Bard, with many apologies, begged the favour of the company to recommend him thoſe books they each of them held in the higheſt eſtimation, that he might ſtudy their ſtile, their manner, and their ſentiments.

" Well, Sir," ſaid his patron, " I dare to ſay there is not one of my friends that will refuſe you this favour, and I will begin.—If you wiſh to copy real life, ſtudy Smollet and Fielding ; for neat and pointed ſatire, Guilliver's Travels ; and as a model for your language take Swift before all others,"

" If you want juſt reaſoning," ſaid my Lady, " and clear explanation, read Richardſon ; for nature and ſimplicity, Goldſmith : for correct and nervous ſtile, as well as for the well-drawn horrors and true pathos, the modern Mrs. Ratcliff will amply furniſh you ; and for character mark Gil Blas.

" I recommend to you," ſaid Lady Bell Vivant, " the incomparable writings of the immortal Rouſſeau for ſentiments ;—and thoſe excellent tranſlations from the French (if you do not read the original) will furniſh you with a ſufficient number of tender ſcenes, double entendres, teach you the paſſions of the ſoul ; for the forming and unravelling of difficulties the German Novels are undoubtedly maſter-pieces."

" Though not for Ghoſts and Hobgoblins," ſaid the widow lady, " to deſcribe thoſe wondrous days of yore, the Old Engliſh Baron, and the Caſtle of Otranto are moſt worthy your notice ; in theſe no private hiſtory is inſulted, no public falſified."

[~~To be~~ *continued.*] ~~to 28~~

For the BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

MR. COLVIN,

FROM the plan which you have laid down for conduct-

ing your Weekly Magazine, I obſerve with pleaſure your intention of inſerting as well judicious *Extracts*, as original Eſſays, on ſuch ſubjects as may inſtruct, or amuſe your readers; if you ſhould be of opinion that the following obſervations on what *is* and what *ought to be* the character of a GENTLEMAN would anſwer either of thoſe purpoſes, you will pleaſe to give them a place.

Yours, &c.

W.

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There is no term, in our language, more common than that of gentleman; and, whenever it is heard, all agree in the general idea of a man ſome way elevated above the vulgar; yet perhaps no two living are preciſely agreed reſpecting the qualities they think requiſite for conſtituting this character. When we hear the epithets of a "fine "gentleman, a pretty gentleman, much of a gentleman, "gentleman-like, ſomething of a gentleman, nothing of a "gentleman" and ſo forth; all theſe different appellations muſt intend a peculiarity annexed to the ideas of thoſe who expreſs them; though no two of them, as I ſaid, may agree in the conſtituent qualites of the character they have formed in their own mind.

There have been ladies who deemed a bag-wig, taſſel'd waiſtcoat, new faſhioned ſnuff box, and ſword knot, very capital ingredients in the compoſition of—a Gentleman.

A certain eaſy impudence acquired by low people, by being caſually converſant in high life, has paſſed a man current through many companies for—a Gentleman.

In the country, a laced hat and long whip makes—a Gentleman.

In taverns and in brothels, he who is the moſt of a bully is the moſt of—a Gentleman.

With heralds, every eſquire is, indiſputably—a Gentleman.

And the highway-man, in his manner of taking your purſe; and your friend, in his manner of debauching your wife; may however be allowed to have—much of the Gentleman.

Our ideas of this matter are very various and adverſe. In our own minds, perhaps they are alſo indetermined; and I queſtion if any man has formed, to himſelf, a conception of this character with ſufficient preciſion.

Plato, among the philoſophers, was 'the moſt of a man of faſhion,' and therefore allowed, at the court of Syracuſe, to be—the moſt of a Gentleman.

But ſeriouſly, I apprehend that this character is pretty much upon the modern. In all ancient or dead languages we have no term any way adequate, whereby we may expreſs it. In the habits, manners, and characters of old Sparta and old Rome, we and an antipathy to all the elements of modern gentility. Among thoſe rude and unpoliſhed people, you read of philoſophers, of orators, patriots, heroes, and demigods; but you never hear of any character ſo elegant as that of—a pretty Gentleman.

When thoſe nations, however, became refined into what their anceſtors would have called corruption; when luxury introduced, and faſhion gave a ſanction to certain ſciences, which Cynics would have branded with the ill mannered appellations of debauchery, drunkenneſs, whoredom, gambling, cheating, lying, &c the practitioners aſſumed the new title of Gentlemen, till ſuch Gentlemen became as plenteous as ſtars in the milky-way, and loſt diſtinction merely by the confluence of their luſtre.

Wherefore, as the ſaid qualities were found to be of ready acquiſition, and of eaſy deſcent to the populace from their betters, ambition judged it neceſſary to add further marks and criterions for ſevering the general herd from the nobler ſpecies—of Gentleman.

Accordingly, if the commonality were obſerved to have a propenſity to religion, their ſuperiors affected a diſdain of ſuch vulgar prejudices; and a freedom that caſt off the reſtraints of morality, and a courage that ſpurned at the fear of a God, were accounted the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtics of —a Gentleman.

If the populace, as in China, were induſtrious and ingenious, the grandees, by the length of their nails and the cramping of their limbs, gave evidence that true dignity was above labor or utility, and that to be born to no end was the prerogative of—a gentleman.

If the common ſort, by their conduct, declare a reſpect for the inſtitutions of civil ſociety and good government; their betters deſpiſe ſuch puſillanimous conformity, and the magiſtrates pay becoming regard to the diſtinction, and allow of the ſuperior liberties and privileges of —a Gentleman.

If the lower ſet ſhew a ſenſe of common honeſty and common order; thoſe who would figure in the world think it incumbent to demonſtrate, that complaiſance to inferiors, common manners, common equity, or any thing common, is quite beneath the attention or ſphere of—a Gentleman.

Now, as underlings are ever ambitious of imitating and uſurping the manners of their ſuperiors; and as this ſtate of mortality is incident to perpetual change and revolution, it may happen, that when the populace, by encroaching on the province of gentility, have arrived to their *ne plus ultra* of inſolence, debauchery, irreligion,

&c. the gentry, in order to be again diſtinguiſhed, may aſſume the ſtation that their inferiors had forſaken, and however ridiculous the ſuppoſition may appear at preſent, humanity, equity, utility, complacence and piety, may in time, come to be the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtics of—a Gentleman.

From what has been ſaid, it would appear that the moſt general idea which people have formed of a Gentleman, is that of a perſon of fortune, above the vulgar, and embelliſhed by manners that are faſhionable in high life. In this caſe fortune and faſhion are the two conſtituent ingredients in the compoſition of modern Gentlemen: for whatever the faſhion may be, whether moral or immoral, for or againſt reaſon, right or wrong, it is equally the duty of a Gentleman to conform.

And yet I apprehend, that true gentility is altogether independent of fortune or faſhion, of time, cuſtoms, or opinions of any kind. The very ſame qualities that conſtituted a Gentleman in the firſt age of the world, are permanently, invariably, and indiſpenſably neceſſary to a conſtitution of the ſame character, to the end of time.

[*Remainder in the next.*]

THE GOOD ADVICE OF AN OLD LITERARY SINNER.

THERE have been, in all flouriſhing ages of literature authors who, although little able to boaſt of literary talents, have unceaſingly haraſſed the public; and have at length been remembered only by the number of wretched volumes their unhappy induſtry has produced. Such authors were, Sir Roger L'Eſtrange and Philemon Holland, who have become notorious for mangling the beautiful compoſitions of the ancients by their cruel tranſlations; and ſuch a writer was the Abbe de Marolles, the ſubject of this article.

This Abbe was a moſt eggregious ſcribler. He was tormented with ſo violent a fit for publication, that he even printed liſts and catalogues of his friends. I have ſeen at the end of one of his works, a liſt of names of thoſe perſons who have given him books! He printed his works at his own expence, as the booksellers unanimouſly reſolved it ſhould not be at theirs. Menage uſed to ſay of his works, "The reaſon why I eſteem the productions of the Abbe is, for the ſingular neatneſs of their bindings; he embelliſhes them ſo beautifully, that the eye finds pleaſure in them.' On a book of his verſions of the Epigrams of Martial, this Critic wrote, *Epigrams againſt Martial.* Latterly, for want of employment, our Abbe began a tranſlation of the Bible! But having inſerted the notes of the viſionary Iſaac de la Peyrere, the work was burnt by order of the eccleſiaſtical court. He was alſo an abundant writer in verſe, and exultingly told a poet, that his verſes coſt him little: 'They coſt you what they are worth,' replied the ſarcaſtic critic. De Marolles is one of thoſe authors who ſhew that it is poſſible to be an honeſt man, but at the ſame time a deteſtable writer. In his *Memoirs* he bitterly complains of the injuſtice done to him by his cotemporaries; and ſays, that in ſpite of the little favour ſhewn to him by the public, he has nevertheleſs publiſhed, by an accurate calculation, one hundred and thirty-three thouſand one hundred and twenty-four verſes! He is a proof that a tranſlator may perfectly underſtand the language of his original, though incapable of retaining its ſpirit; for no one underſtood the Latin better than the honeſt Abbe.

In the early part of his life, this man had not been without ambition; it was only when he was diſappointed in his political projects that he reſolved to devote himſelf to letters. As he was incapable of attempting original compoſition, he became known by his miſerable verſions. He wrote above eighty volumes, which enjoy the ſame reputation, being all equally deſpiſed. After a literary exiſtence of forty years, he gave to the public a work, not deſtitute of entertainment. It is his own memoirs; which he has dedicated to his relations, and all his illuſtrious friends. The poſtſcript to his Epiſtle Dedicatory deſerves to be brought forward for its ſingularity, as well as for the excellent counſel he gives to authors, and the valuable truths it contains:

"I have forgotten to tell you, that I do not adviſe any one of my relatives or friends to apply himſelf as I have done to ſtudy, and particularly to compoſing books, if he thinks that will add to his fame or fortune. I am perſuaded that of all perſons in the kingdom, none are more neglected than thoſe who devote themſelves entirely to letters. The ſmall number of ſucceſsful perſons in that claſs (at preſent I do not recollect more than two or three) ſhould not impoſe on one's underſtanding, nor any conſequence from them be drawn in favour of others. I know how it is by my own experience, and by that of ſeveral amongſt you, as well as by many who are now no more, and with whom I was acquainted. Believe me, gentlemen! to pretend to the favours of fortune, it is only neceſſary to render one's ſelf uſeful; to be ſupple and obſequious to thoſe who are in poſſeſſion of credit and authority; to be handſome in one's perſon; to adulterate the powerful; to ſmile, while you ſuffer from them every kind of ridicule and contemp whenever they ſhall do you the honour to amuſe themſelves with you; never to be frightened at a thouſand obſtacles which may be oppoſed to have you a face of braſs, and a heart ſtone;

inſult worthy men who are proſecuted ; rarely venture to ſpeak the truth ; appear devout, with every nice ſcruple of religion, while at the ſame time every duty muſt be abandoned when it claſhes with our intereſt. After theſe, any other accompliſhment is indeed ſuperfluous.'

SINGULARITIES OF WAR.

WAR muſt occaſion ſtrange laws and cuſtoms, as it kindles an enthuſiaſm. We may obſerve in it whatever is moſt noble and heroic, mixed with what is moſt ſtrange and wild. We collect facts, and the reader muſt draw his own concluſions.

They frequently condemned at Carthage their generals to die, after an unfortunate campaign, although they were accuſed of no other fault. We read in Du Halde, that Captain Manchcou, a Chineſe, was convicted of giving battle, without obtaining a compleat victory, and he was puniſhed.—With ſuch a perſpective at the concluſion of a battle, generals will become intrepid, and exert themſelves as much as poſſible, and this is all that is wanted.

When the ſavages of New France take flight, they pile the wounded in baſkets, where they are bound and corded down, as we do children in ſwaddling clothes.—If they happen to fall into the hands of the conquerors, they would expire in the midſt of torments. It is better, therefore, that the vanquiſhed ſhould carry them away, in any manner, although frequently even at the riſk of their lives.

The Spartans were not allowed to combat often with the ſame enemy. They wiſhed not to inure them to battle ; and if their enemies revolted frequently, they were accuſtomed to exterminate them.

The governors of the Scythian provinces, gave annually a feaſt to thoſe who had valiantly, with their own hands, diſpatched their enemies. The ſculls of the vanquiſhed ſerved for their cups ; and the quantity of wine they were allowed to drink, was proportioned to the number of ſculls they poſſeſſed. The youth, who could not yet boaſt of ſuch martial exploits, contemplated diſtantly the ſolemn feaſt, without being admitted to approach it. This inſtitution formed courageous warriors

War has corrupted the morals of the people, and has cauſed them to form horrible ideas of virtue. When the Portugueſe attacked Madrid, in the reign of Philip V. the courtezans of that city were deſirous of diſplaying their patriotic zeal : thoſe who were moſt convinced of the envenomed ſtate of their body, perfumed themſelves, and went by night to the camp of the enemy : the conſequence was, that in leſs than three weeks, there was more than ſix thouſand Portugueſe diſabled with venereal maladies, and the greater part died.

Men have frequently fallen into unpardonable contradictions, in attempting to make principles and laws meet, which could never agree with each other. The Jews ſuffered themſelves to be attacked, without defending themſelves, on a ſabbath-day, and the Romans profited by thoſe pious ſcruples. The council of Trent ordered the body of the conſtable of Bourbon, who had fought againſt the Pope, to be dug up, as if the head of the church was not as much ſubjected to war as others, ſince he is a temporal prince.

Pope Nicholas, in his anſwer to the Bulgarians, forbids them to make war in Lent, unleſs there be an urgent neceſſity.

THE LAKE OF ALBA.

IT is curious to obſerve the ignorance of the ancients in natural cauſes. This ignorance has been the fertile ſource of many ſtrange tales being recorded in their hiſtories ; to which a more intimate knowledge with natural philoſophy might have afforded a very eaſy ſolution. The following may ſerve as an inſtance :

The lake that was near the ancient town of Alba had ſomething in it which appeared extraordinary : although it had its ſource in itſelf, and its waters were no where diffuſed, becauſe ſurrounded with mountains, it ſometimes ſwelled prodigiouſly, even in the drieſt ſeaſons, and was raiſed often to the height of one of thoſe mountains which ſerved for its barriers, and all this without any appearance of wind or other agitation. The ſwell of this lake was ſo great at the time the Romans beſieged Veia, that it occaſioned one of the hills to give way, and inundated the neighbouring lands. The Romans, on the word of an old man who had deſerted Veia, ſent to conſult the oracle of Delphos, becauſe he had aſſured them, that the fate of the town depended on this inundation. The prieſteſs, it appears, was very much embarraſſed by this embaſſy, and gave for anſwer, that they muſt force the water to return into the lake, or raiſe trenches to hinder it from falling into the ſea ; this the ſuperſtitious Romans performed, *as well as they could.*

This prieſteſs knew but little of phyſics. It hardly admits a doubt (obſerves Marville) but that this place, as well as many others in Italy, abounded with ſulphur and ſalt petre ; theſe inflamables occaſion the eruptions of volcanoes ; and it is reaſonable to believe that it was the ſame

ause which elevated to so prodigious a height the waters of the lake of Alba. Certainly, the *Gods* did not interfere in the accident, no more than the Delphian oracle!

Baltimore.

NEWS.

The last advices from Constantinople state that the French have suffered a defeat at Damietta, 2000 men lost in killed, wounded and prisoners—The Chouans in France appear to be fast exterminating; several of the principal chiefs have been taken and shot, and many are laying down their arms.—By the last accounts it would appear that the Brest fleet is about sailing—the English are on the look-out for them;—On the 19th of February, the French consuls were installed in form in their new offices, and the several ambassadors introduced to them.—The advices respecting the return of the Russian troops to the Rhine are various and contradictory, the last account controverts the former.—Provisions are very scarce in England, and premiums are offered on the importation of grain.

In the United States of America, *John Fries* has been found guilty of treason by the national circuit court, held in Philadelphia—his counsel intends, it is said, to move for a rule to shew why he should not have a new trial; Many others, that were aiding and abetting the Northampton insurrection, have been, and are now, trying before the same court.—There has been no positive information received of the arrival at Paris of our envoys.—A new frigate has been launched at New-York, to bear the name of that city, of 38 guns, built by the merchants there for the purpose of loaning her to government. A duel has been fought in Norfolk, between two officers belonging to the United States ship of war Congress, in which a Mr. Dubois killed a Mr. Cushing.

MARRIAGES.

MARRIED, on Monday evening last, by the reverend Mr Hagerty, Mr. *Philip Lewis* to Miss *Sally Barton*, both of this city;

——, at Newcastle, on Thursday, the 27th instant, by the reverend Robert Clay, Mr. *J. L. d'Happart*, to Miss *Elizabeth Thompson*, daughter of General William Thompson.

ANECDOTES.

A Frenchman having frequently heard the word press made use of to imply persuade, "press that gentleman to take some refreshment," "press him to stay to-night," thought he would shew his talents by using (what he imagined) a synonymous term; and therefore made no scruple to cry out in company, "pray *squeeze* that lady to sing."

Lord Mansfield being once on the home circuit, a man was brought before him, charged with stealing a silver ladle, and in the course of the evidence the council for the crown was rather severe upon the prisoner for being an attorney. "Come, come, (says his lordship, in a whisper to the counsel) don't exaggerate matters—if the fellow had been an attorney, you may depend on it he would have stole the bowl as well as the ladle."

A wicked wag at Manchester, lately advertised a reward of *three-pence* for the sight of a *guinea*, as the greatest rarity of the times.

A merchant who lately advertised for a clerk that could bear *confinement*, has been answered by one who had lain *seven years in jail*.

To a recent advertisement in a Kentish paper, for a journeyman stone mason, it is added, that one who understands the making of rhimes and *good poetry* for tomb stones, will have the preference.

☞ The subscribers to this work, who have not received the first number, will please to give information thereof at this office, where they will be supplied with it—as from the difficulty of ascertaining the respective abodes, it will be impossible to avoid omitting some.

A letter-box, for the reception of communications, will be fitted up at this office in the early part of the ensuing week.

"Juvenis" is inadmissible—the age of wonders is past; men do not fly now-a-days.

"Balthazar" is under consideration.

SADI THE MOOR.

Tune—Erin go brah.

THE trees seem to fade as yon dear spot I'm viewing,
My eyes fill with tears as I look on the door,
And see the lov'd cottage all sinking in ruin—
The cottage of *Peace* and SADI the Moor.
Poor Sadi was merciful, honest and chearly,
His friends were his life-blood, he valued them dearly,
And his sweet, dark-ey'd Zelda, he lov'd her sincerely,
Hard was the fate of Sadi the Moor.

As Sadi was toiling—his Zelda was near him—
His children were prattling and smiling before—
When the *Pirates* appear, from his true love they tear him,
And drag to their vessel poor Sadi the Moor.
The forlorn one rav'd loudly, her lost husband seeking,
His *children* and *friends* at a distance were shrieking,
Poor Sadi cry'd out, while his sad heart was breaking,
"Pity the sorrows of Sadi the Moor!"

In spite of his 'plaint to their galley they bore him,
His Zelda and children to mourn and deplore;
At morn from his severish slumbers they tore him,
And with blows *hardly* treated poor Sadi the Moor.
At night up aloft, while the still moon was clouding,
The thought of his *babes* on his wretched mind crouding,
He heav'd a last sigh, and fell dead from the shrouding,
The *sea* was the *grave* of Sadi the Moor.

EPITAPH

Upon CHANCE—a favorite Dog.

YE, who the Atheist's arguments advance,
To prove that ev'ry thing depends on *Chance*,
With tears and blushes now your cheeks o'erspread,
And mourn your *loss of faith*—for *Chance* is dead.
Yet hence, avaunt! for no unhallow'd tear
Shall stain with burning guilt his honor'd bier.
There Argus friendship shall her vigil keep,
None but the feeling and the good shall weep.
O friend, forever gentle and sincere!
Thy worth demands a tributary tear,
And o'er the ground where thy remains are laid,
The grateful rite shall tenderly be paid.
The fairest flower, my *Chance!* thy grave shall deck,
A rosy collar bloom around thy neck;
The ever-green thy constant love impart,
And the pure lily speak thy spotless heart.

TRUE PICTURE OF A MODERN BEAU.

By one of the Beau Club.

FIRST make the caput, quite unlike
Pure ancient head dress of Vandyke.
Vandyke's in curl all graceful flow—
Crop is the ton for modern Beau.
Pendant let every hair depend,
Strait as a rush, or candle end.
Of curls will beaux endure the fetter?
Crop't beaux, like horses, bear the better!
Of precious time 'tis such a saving;
Lo! Crops are dress't while they are shaving;
And soon their lightly furnished head
With feather'd snow is overspread!
Yet why, my dog, my faithful Shock—
Newfoundland's pride, your master mock—
Rise from your bed, give mighty shake,
And think you're dress't for ball or wake?
While numerous Shocks will oft appear,
The ball-room grace, or fill the Bear.
So far the tide may peaceful flow—
Yet, modern Crops, dear creatures, know,
The tide of faction here must end,
Or dangers dire may co-attend.

THE COMPLAINT.

Why does Damon sigh and grieve,
Why complain of Cupid's dart?
Could my pain his peace retrieve,
Gladly would I bear the smart.

But by tyrant custom ty'd,
I may hear, but dare not speak;
Custom must my conduct guide,
Though my love-lorn heart should break.

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